

The history

melancholy if you will fauour the man. But by my head tis pride: but why, why, let him shew vs a cause?

Nest. What mooues *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Vliss. *Achillis* hath inuegled his foole from him,

Nest. Who *Thersites*? *Vliss.* He.

Nest. The wil *Ajax* lack matter, if he haue lost his argumer.

Vliss. No, you see he is his argument, that has his argument *Achilles*.

Nest. All the better, their fractiō is more our wish then their faction, but it was a strōg compōsure a foole could disunite.

Vliss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easly vnty, Heere comes *Patroclus*. *Nest.* No *Achilles* with him.

Vliss. The Elephant hath ioyns, but none for courtesie, His legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patro. *Achilles* bids me say he is much sorry, If any thing more then your sport and pleasure Did moue your greatnesse, and this noble state, To call vpon him, He hopes it is no other But for your health, and your digestion sake, An after dinners breath.

Agam. Heere you *Patroclus*:

We are too well acquainted with these answers;
But his euasion winged thus swift with scorne,
Cannot out-flie our apprehensions,
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him. Yet all his vertues,
Not vertuously on his owne part beheld,
Doe in our eyes begin to lose their glosse,
Yea like faire fruite in an vnholosome dish,
Are like to rott vntasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speake with him, and you shall not finne,
If you do say, we thinke him ouer-proud
And vnder-honest: in selfe assumption greater
Then in the note of iudgement. And worthier then himselfe
Heere tend the sauage strangenesse he puts on
Disguise, the holy strength of their commaund,
And vnder-write in an obseruing kinde,
His humorous predominance: yea watch

of Troilus and

His course, and time, his ebbs and
The passage, and whole streame o
Rode on his tide. Goe tell him th
That if he ouer-hold his price fo
Weele none of him. But let him
Not portable, lye vnder this repo
Bring action hither, this cannot g
A stirring dwarfe we doe allowan
Before a sleeping gyant. Tell him

Patr. I shall, and bring his an

Agam. In second voyce weele

We come to speake with him: V

Ajax. What is he more then an

Agam. No more then what he

Ajax. Is he so much: doe you
selfe a better man then I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his t

Agam. No noble *Ajax*, you a
wife, no lesse noble, much mo
more tractable.

Aia. Why should a man be pro
I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your minde is the cle
fairer, hee that is proud eates v
owne glasse, his owne trumpet
what euer praises it selfe but i
deed in the praise.

Enter Vliss

Ajax. I do hate a proud man,
of Toades.

Nest. And yet he loues himse

Vliss. *Achilles* will not to the

Agam. Whats his excuse?

Vliss. He doth relye on none,
But carries on the streame of his
Without obseruance, or respect
In will peculiar, and in selfe adn

His